

little magic by eddiekissbrak

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Summary:

bill denbrough is a moron. like, he's not *stupid* stupid — well, he is, he's a little stupid — but god, is he an idiot. bill's the kind of guy to hear the waiter say *careful, it's hot*, and take a big, scalding bite anyway; the kind of guy who searches his entire house from top to bottom looking for a pair of jorts only to find he's been wearing them the whole time (and, obviously, the kind of guy to own jorts in the first place). bill's the kind of guy who throws his entire body weight into pushing on a pull door, bounces off with a confused "oh!", and then pushes it again, like it might work the second time.

(it's okay, he always gets it by the third.)

little magic

Author's Note:

from my spotify prompt meme

every little thing she does is magic /
everything she does just turns me on /
even though my life before was tragic /
now, I know my love for her goes on

**#78: every little thing she does is magic -
sleeping at last**

bill denbrough is a moron. like, he's not *stupid* stupid — well, he is, he's a little stupid — but god, is he an idiot. bill's the kind of guy to hear the waiter say *careful, it's hot*, and take a big, scalding bite anyway; the kind of guy who searches his entire house from top to bottom looking for a pair of jorts only to find he's been wearing them the whole time (and, obviously, the kind of guy to own jorts in the first place). bill's the kind of guy who throws his entire body weight into pushing on a pull door, bounces off with a confused "oh!", and then pushes it again, like it might work the second time.

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bill's also the kind of guy who, when he was a kid, set out little bowls of milk in the garden to help the snails grow big and strong; the kind of guy who bought nice china to put the cat food on so that dr. peanut butter could feel fancy during his meals — the kind of guy who named their cat dr. peanut butter.

bill denbrough was an idiot, but he was a kind, good-intentioned, sweet as hell kind of idiot.

and fuck, if mike wasn't head over heels for him because of it.

actually, mike was pretty sure bill was head over heels right back. there are moments (moments that stacked up into hours, probably

days) when mike's so positive that bill feels the same way he does that it hurts a little to think about for too long. they'll be sitting in the field by the hanlon farm talking — well. bill will be talking, and mike will be listening, his smile growing a little bit bigger each time bill calls the barn the “sheep house”. regardless, they'll be talking, and eventually bill will trail off, and mike will look over to find bill staring, big blue eyes soft and unwavering. when bill realizes he's been caught, he'll give this quiet, nervous laugh, and flush as red as the *sheep house* behind him.

mike never says anything, though. it's not that he's scared — at least, he doesn't think he's scared. actually, falling in love with bill had happened so gently, so easily, that there was never time to feel anything but safe. bill, with his kind eyes and tender hands, makes mike feel the bravest he's ever felt. it's also not that mike doesn't *want* to say anything either; mike just doesn't say anything because it never feels like quite the right time.

there's a lot of almosts, though. bill pours his entire glass of water on the floor one day after eddie asks him what time it is; it's not his fault, you know, the watch was just on the wrist of the same hand he'd happened to be holding the glass of water in. mike almost says something then.

once, mike had to watch bill try and make hot chocolate: bill filled up a mug with milk and tried to put it in the microwave, but found the mug was too tall. so he'd dumped out some milk, and tried to put it in again. mike almost says something after that, too.

last week, bill had called mike in a rush of stuttered words and frantic breaths.

“m-my car has been stolen!” he'd said once mike had calmed him down. “i g-got off the bus after w-work and it was just gone!”

“bill,” mike asked, that same little smile on his face. “how'd you get to work this morning?”

“i d-drove, but—“ the man's voice trailed off as the dots connected.

mike had been so close to saying *i'm in love with you bill denbrough* he

had to literally bite his tongue.

somehow, he'd managed. he'd driven bill to work and followed him back, and then he'd stayed for supper, and when bill finished an incredibly intelligent rant about the importance of the oxford comma by showing mike a minion meme on his phone, mike managed to keep his silence once more.

it's like everyone in the world has their own little superpower: their own, daily magic. maybe bev's was always being able to pull off an outfit — even one that shouldn't have worked on anybody. maybe richie's was always being able to make someone laugh — even if it took a few tries to get there. maybe bill's was being the smartest, kindest idiot in all of maine; maybe mike's was falling in love with him, and being able to keep his mouth shut about it.

"i juh-just think that it could use some s-sprucing up is all," bill says one day, talking.

"mmm," mike hums, listening.

"a fresh c-coat of paint, you know?"

"we painted it last fall," mike points out, because bill had been there to help — his first fall out of college as a bonafide adult with his own apartment and everything, and he'd still chosen to spend most of his free time painting the barn and house so that the hanlons didn't have to hire anyone.

"i m-meant the inside." bill sits up in the grass, excitement creeping into his voice as he makes plans. "i think it'd b-be nice if we painted mur— mura— landscapes inside f-for them. so even when they're s-sleeping, they can s-still be outside." the man's on a roll now, practically vibrating with how passionate he is about the whole thing. "i c-can sketch out some ideas later and s-send you pictures. maybe i'll pull out my wuh-wuh-watercolors tonight, juh-just for fun. it might help them feel less lonely." bill's eyebrows furrow: a snag in his thought process. "i don't know if sheep feel luh-lonely, but, you know. if they do, a home m-makeover might help."

mike closes his eyes; he can't take it. it's so goddamn adorable,

honest-to-god fucking *precious*, that he feels pinned to the ground where he lays. bill wants to paint murals of fields and flowers for his sheep. so they feel less lonely. bill wants to *hand paint* the *sheep house* as a *favor* to the *sheep* that *live there*.

if little magic was supposed to work every time, maybe mike's little magic was only the loving bill part; maybe the keeping his mouth shut was just a herculean restraint he could no longer control.

"bill, you have gotta' stop saying things like that." mike's voice is low and relaxed, and the tornado of butterflies that usually spin around his stomach after bill does something particularly endearing is, for once, absent.

it feels, for the first time, like the right time.

bill pauses in his mental planning, confusion seeping into his face. "things like wuh-what?"

mike opens his eyes, squinting against the rays of the sun before tilting his head to look at bill through the tall blades of grass. "things that make me wanna' kiss you."

for a second, bill's face pulls down further with confusion, before his eyebrows rocket into his red-brown hairline and his cheeks go pink. then, he looks nervous. "wh-why would you—"

bill's not a total moron. he's not; he can write a paper so beautifully eloquent it will make you think you're reading poetry, not just an essay for a history class he only took for elective credits. sometimes there's just not enough power in bill's body to power both his brain and his giant heart, and usually his heart won out.

and because bill's not a *total* moron, he can't say he *totally* didn't see this coming; he can't pretend he doesn't know what this means, and he can't pretend he doesn't want it just as badly.

bill tries — not very hard, but he tries — to hold back the smile that threatens. "what will you d-do if i don't stop?"

like honey, mike's grin appears: slow and sweet. "i guess i'll just have to kiss ya."

“alright.” bill looks over his shoulder at the barn behind him, and when he turns back to the man on the ground he’s got this coy little sparkle in his eye. “sh-sheep house,” he says, and then:

“o-oh. guess you have to k-kiss me now.”

so mike sits up, and he does just that— because bill’s little magic always, always worked.